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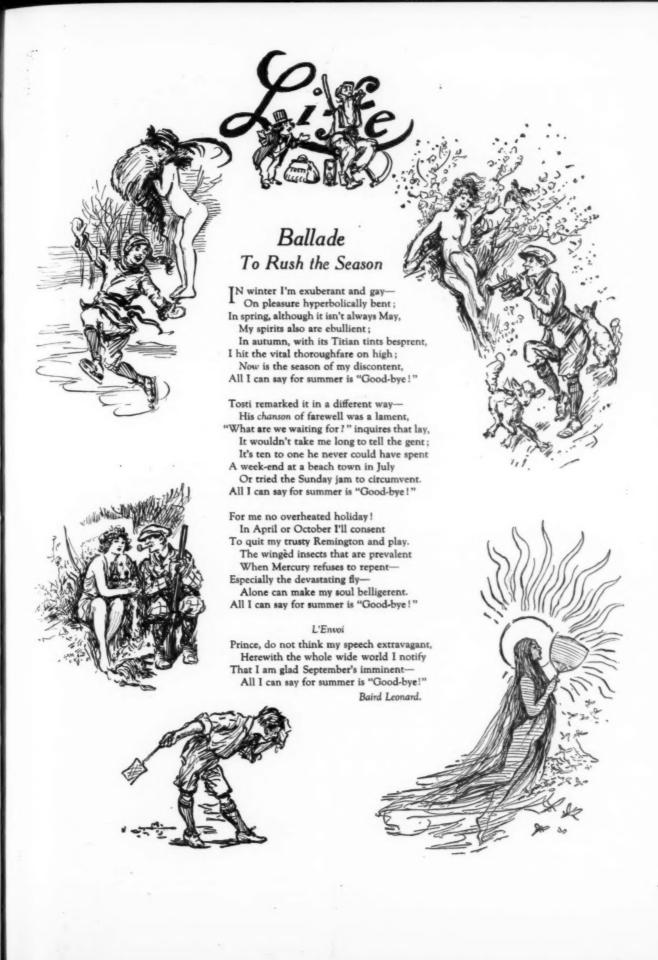
AUGUST 30, 1923

WINNEAFOLIS WINN

PRICE 15 CENTS

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# Vew York DECIVE One Dollar Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1 20, foreign 598 Madison Ave., SPECIAL OFFER . i. C. SPECIAL OFFER 598 Madison Ave., New York Enclosed In Life ", New York 0 A nosibaM 868 aJ! I 598 Madison Finclosed find ships Sold Sold Life for 598 Madison Ave., New York YEARLY OFFER Eng 598 Madison Ave., New York 18 Madison Ave., New York ARLY Enclosed find the Enclosed for Soluming the Soluming Solu SPECIAL New Sadison Ave., YEARLY Marina M 865 ton SPECIAL YEARLY OFFER Enclosed find Five Dollars (Can-Five Dollars 5,80; foreign, adian, \$5,80; foreign, foreign, foreign, adian, \$5,80; foreign, adian, 598 Medison Ave., New York 598 Madison FT one year Ave., SPECIAL New York **OFFER** Life Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; foreign, 598 Madison Ave., New York Madison \$1.40). Send Life for ten weeks. OFFER YEARLY En Five adian \$6.60 SPECIAL Con State of OFFER Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; foreign, ten weeks 295 Life 598 Madison Ave., New York





FAMOUS SAYINGS
"IT'S ONLY COING TO GET ONE COAT."

#### On Collections

SURELY the business of amassing any given group of objects is a curious one, prompted, doubtless, by the desire of ownership, and nourished through force of habit. I have known many collectors, and among the most interesting I recall those who have been attracted solely by the bizarre. Thus would their accumulations consist entirely of door knobs, of bottle stoppers, of cigar bands, of fish hooks, of plugged nickels, of railway maps, of button hooks, of can openers, of alarm clocks, of colored pencils, of hat checks, of locks of

hair of former flames, of umbrella handles, of chewing gum wrappers. . . . However trivial to the outsider, each held a specific and unique value for the possessor. One of the most remarkable of the lot was that of a young man who had formed the habit of collecting forged checks. He was an ingenuous, naïve, simple sort of fellow, and, above all, an extraordinarily gullible one. C. G. S.

HE: Why do you come to this atrocious Russian restaurant? SHE: To get my Muscovitamines.

# Life Lines

WITH Underwood, Smith and Ford mentioned for President, it looks like a season of machine politics.

Oliver Cromwell up to date: Trust in God and keep your steamships dry.

Now that the steel workers of Ambridge, Pa., are to have a golf course of their own, their wives will doubtless wish the company had stuck to the twelve-hour day.

Any man that changes his clothes six times in five hours, like the Prince of Wales, must be a hero to his valet.

Prayer of the Building Trades Employers' Association of New York: "Give us this day our daily brick."

JL George Harvey is returning to his post. The Vermont sap will soon be flowing over in London.

Seven thousand flivvers a day means 28,000 tires. Ford is the cause of most of our inflation, after all.

One woman has sued for divorce because her husband played solitaire all evening, and another has sued for divorce because her husband wouldn't play poker with her.

You can't win.

Hiram Johnson is for stepping on the World Court with spiked shoes.

It is a grave mistake to suppose that a nation has a stable government because some of its legislators are asses.

JL "

Bathing by radio is the latest Parisian popular pastime.

We hope that nobody will be swept away by an extra heavy wave length.

JL

According to a newspaper report, a Connecticut fisherman recently caught a three-pound bass which had a hen's egg in its stomach. However, the poor fellow's day was spoiled because the egg didn't contain a diamond ring.

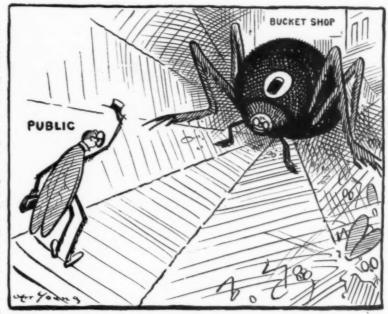
Frank A. Munsey is spending the summer in Europe, but so far La Vic Parisienne has not been consolidated with the New York Herald.

# Meet the Millennium

THOMAS SELTZER, apprehended for the publication of unclean books in general and "A Young Girl's Diary" in particular, has protested indignantly that "A Young Girl's Diary' has been approved by the Young Women's Christian Association, the Camp Fire Girls, Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, Heywood Broun, the Dial, the American Hebrew and the New York Times."

That Mr. Seltzer managed to gather this list into one workable group is yet another indication of his indubitable genius. Surely these organizations and persons are the last word in approving (or disapproving). And now, as the captain of the sight-seeing yacht remarked, we are getting to the point.

Before this band of serious approvers is broken up and returned to its ordinary pursuits—camp firing and columning and dialating and professing and what not—it should most certainly be consolidated. It should, indeed, be taken over by the government. Properly remunerated, of course, its express purpose would be to approve (or disapprove) all vital issues, such as the League of Nations and whether Firpo should be permitted to fight Dempsey, for all time and no



Spider: WON'T YOU STEP IN?
Fly: I'LL SAY I WILL.

more argument about it. If it approved . . . well and good. If it disapproved . . . that was that.

So here's the idea, and now it's entirely up to the Young Women's Christian Association, the Camp Fire Girls, Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, Heywood

Broun, the Dial, the American Hebrew and the New York Times.

As far as we can see, this is the first real indication of anything toward a genuinely practical International Court.

Henry William Hanemann.

# Autumn Alternatives

TO get a closed car or keep up the fresh-air affectation another year.

To get a new hat or try to make yourself believe you are eccentric.

To build a fire by the thermometer or wait until your wife gets personal.

To pay the World Series price or wait till the games begin and pay twice as much.

To keep your office open or close it and try that grape recipe again.

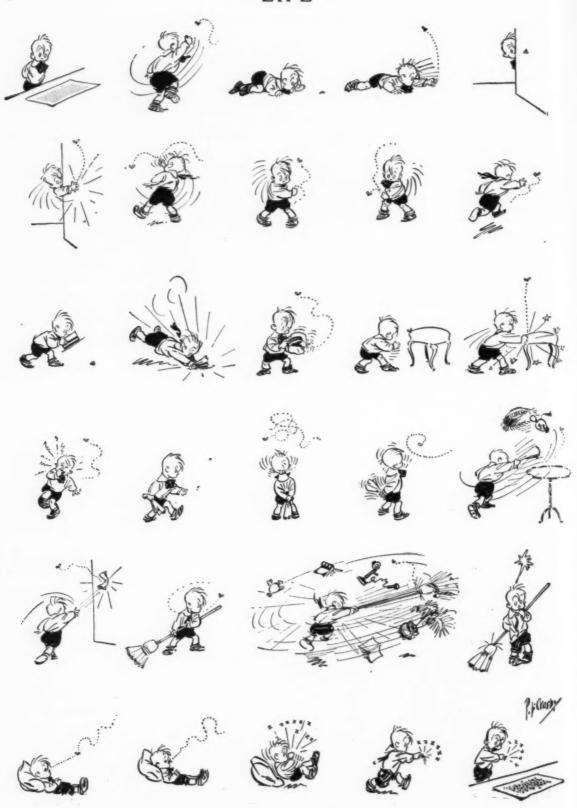
McC. H.

THE official draft of the Turco-American peace treaty is being done into three languages, and many an enterprising New York newspaper is wondering which one it ought to give to its readers.

"WHAT has Senator Hokum ever done to distinguish himself?" "Well, he stayed home from Europe this year."



ANOTHER FINANCIAL CRISIS



SKIPPY DECIDES TO START THE FLY PAPER



"GEE, I DON'T WANT TO COPY. I WANT TO CREATE."

# Mrs. Pepis Diary

Lay late, reflecting on many things, such as August what the Duncan sisters would like in adult raiment, how much salary the Governor of Alaska gets, and the great number of people in the world whom I do not and never shall know, albeit when I plan a party or make out a gift list my acquaintances seem as the sands of the sea....Kate Mitchell, lately returned from Europe, to luncheon with me, and she did tell me how the numerous friends she encountered on the Continent did greet her as casually as if they were in the Ritz lobby here at home. She remarked also a three days' sojourn at Deauville, during which she was sick with anxiety for the welfare of her aged and ailing mother, whom she had left behind in Paris with the strictest injunctions regarding caution and tranquillity, and how, when she drove up to her hotel on the night of her return, the old lady, in full evening dress, was just driving off to an appointment with some friends she had met during a forbidden ramble. And Kate did fetch me a dozen Vernet handkerchiefs, very sheer, with what she declares to be my monogram embroidered handsomely in the corners.

August 24th

The telephone a-ringing early, and it was a stranger who had been given the wrong number, but his voice so pleasant and manner so agreeable that when he professed to be sorry I responded, So am I. And it brought back a couplet from

"Lucile," which I once considered the finest poem ever wrote:

"The face the most fair to our vision allowed

Is the one we encounter and lose in the crowd." Albeit I do not entirely believe it....Troubled this day by fugitive thought of my autumn wardrobe, how this and that shall be fashioned, and when I told Samuel I wished we dressed like the ancients, in naught but a simple mantle girdled with a cord, he did respond that the sleeveless apparel worn in the street by so many of our young women struck him as a decided advance on the Greeks in both simplicity and revelation.

August
25th
Off for Cape Cod, to stop with Barbara and Charlie Russell, and distrait throughout the journey, too, forasmuch as we could get no Pullman chairs and were forced to leave my great hatbox at the end of the coach where I could not keep watch of it. Lord! Why must I be so suspicious and uncomfortable in the matter of luggage? For whenever I check a trunk I bid a silent farewell to the contents thereof, and until it comes into my keeping again, I do suffer mental pictures of my best evening frock fluttering from a telegraph pole or my pet bonnet being worn by an express messenger's wife....This date marketh the last week-end in August, for which I thank God.

Baird Leonard.



"THAT FELLOW IS ONE OF THE BOLDEST AND MOST ORIGINAL ARTISTS I KNOW." "YES?"

"YES, HE PAINTS PICTURES OF CAMELS BUT LEAVES OUT THE PYRAMIDS."

# Why Rats Should Not Use Tobacco

THE research department of the Battle Creek Sanitarium has been conducting a series of experiments in the influence of tobacco upon animal life, particularly upon rats. The results will be embodied in a report to the "Committee of Fifty to Study the Tobacco Problem," organized by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale. From the preliminary report Life is permitted to give these extracts:

Subject 14, elderly male rat, was enclosed in glass box and subjected to smoke from Llama cigarettes. Took to jazz dancing, and stayed out late at night. When submitted to intelligence tests recorded belief that William J. Bryan is a statesman.

Subject 23, female rat, was given small quantity of Burlap Loose Chewing tobacco mixed with diet. Became morose and savagely attacked companions. Announced intention of joining Lucy Stone League.

Subject 79, member of Robert Reed Anti-Tobacco League, was fed mixture of willow leaves and black-strap molasses, flavored with nicotine. Gained 14 ounces in ten days; grew chin whiskers, and approved Professor Fisher's Stabilized Dollar.

On the basis of this showing of the injurious effects of tobacco, the Committee of Fifty will recommend the adoption of a constitutional amendment, prohibiting the sale of cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco, and snuff to any rat under two years of age.

W. G.

COMMERCIALLY speaking, some customers are easier to trim than a window.



MRS. HIPPO'S CLOTHESLINE HAVING BEEN STOLEN, MR. PYTHON VOLUNTEERS HIS SERVICES.

# Announcing the Winning Titles



SENILE DETENTIA

LIFE is happy to announce that the following title, submitted by Mrs. MARGARET S. CONAN, of 218 West Beard Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y., is awarded the First Prize of \$500.00:

#### Senile Detentia

The Second Prize of \$300.00 is awarded to Jane Atherton, of 2056 Garheld Avenue, Pasadena, California, for the following:

W-----E

"Go West, Young Man-Go West"

The Third Prize of \$150.00 is awarded to F. E. Rolfe, of 608 West 24th Street, Richmond, Virginia, for the following:

One Stoops to Conquer, the Other Stands to Win

The Fourth Prize of \$50.00 is awarded to John L. Hobble, Woodstock Hotel, New York City, for the following:

He: I See They've Gotten Us Into One of Those Picture Contests Where the Worst Title Always Gets the Prize

# Echoes of the Contest

THE Contest Picture first appeared in the issue of Life dated April 26, 1923. The contest closed at noon, Tuesday, June 12th. Almost two hundred thousand titles were submitted. Over nine hundred contributors were too late.

LIFE extends its thanks to the many thousands of readers whose interest and enthusiasm made this contest so successful. Checks have been forwarded to the winners.

The most surprising feature was the world-wide interest taken in our Contest. We had them all—Southern and Central America; Mexico, Cuba and the West Indies; China, Japan and India; our island possessions and other people's islands, too; Europe from Spain to Soviet territory, with Scandinavian and Latin races well to the fore;

Great Britain and Canada; good answers from Turkey and from Greece, and some from the Land of the Sphinx; while a cable from Malta came near the prize list with

Robbed of her partner By an insidious jade, She is returning to pleasures From which she had strayed.

Descriptions vary from "The Outskirts of Society" to "The Center of Attraction," and from asterisks and dashes and good Anglo-Saxon to "The Religious Suitor: Dear Lord, Take Mother Home." One sympathetic but

(Continued on page 32)



# The Other Half of Radio

I HAVE been working along lines directly opposite those followed by other radio inventors. The device which I am just about to perfect will make possible a phenomenon exactly opposite to that of broadcasting. It will gather up noise, instead of spreading it.

I started out with the hypothesis that there is too much noise in the world, rather than not enough.

Hardly that, either. To be precise, my theory was that there is a lot of noise in the wrong place, a lot of noise which would be all right if it were elsewhere.

My device, as soon as I get it a little better worked out, will, when employed on a large scale by municipalities, act somewhat as a noise sewage-disposal plant. Imagine all the street noises of New York, for instance, being gathered up and carried out somewhere into the marshes of New Jersey, and being let off away out there where there is nobody to listen. Won't that be a blessing! New York will be so quiet you can hear dimes dropping into platters at the hat checkrooms.

When my neat little family-size household outfit is developed it will be possible to attach it to a cradle, set it for a certain distance and direction and carry baby's crying up the street right into the middle of that pile of tin cans on that vacant lot next to the Mitten Factory. Folks may come in from the sidewalk and look among the tin cans for a baby, but there won't be any there.

The utterances of William J. Bryan, Col. Harvey, and others can be snatched up and carried off to the middle of some deserted apple orchard. My invention will make cornet practice possible in even the best neighborhoods. It will give us noiseless newsboys, silent vocal students, mute music boxes, painless political campaigns, and pineless puppy dogs. Attached to a lawn mower, it will enable a man to get up at six o'clock on Sunday morning and cut his grass without incurring the hatred of his neighbors. I expect to make one in the shape of a lavallière which you can present to your wife.

It will enable the world to harness up all of the heterogeneous blah-blah to which it has to listen nowadays and transmit it to the swamplands.

It is going to be a pretty nifty little thing, and I expect to be known soon as one of humanity's great benefactors.

Of course I realize this still leaves unsolved the problem of how to do away entirely with moving pictures.

A RUNNER-UP in the Ladies' Finals—That broken stitch in the best silk hose.

# Rondeauville

"MAY we go for a stroll near by, Your daughter, Mignonette, and I?" Asked I one dreamy night in June Of Madame Poisson de la Prune, That haughty grande dame from Versailles.

"The crickets chirp; the moon's on high;
The stars shine in the well-known sky.

I promise you we'll come back soon!...
May we?"

Sweet Mignon gave a little cry
For fear our plans might go awry.
Then, trembling like a big buffoon,
Once more I craved our little boon,
And Madame gave this swift reply:
"Mais, oui!"

Max Lief.

# Elementary

"WILLIE, can you tell me why Labor Day always comes the first week in September?"
"Because that's the week school begins."

RUMORS that Henry would not accept the nomination reached the Ford-for-President Club the other day and in the silence that followed you could have heard a cotter pin drop.



"MUMMY, THE TOP OF YOUR DRESS IS GONE."



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY INVESTIGATING THE THEORY THAT A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.



#### AT THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

"GOSH, MA, BUT THESE OPERA SINGERS ARE GREAT FOR LULLING A TIRED FARMER TO SLEEP."

# Summer Types

The Beach Type

HE is tall and angular, and the color of maple syrup. He is seldom seen in any garb other than his bathing suit, which is so thoroughly bleached that it has completely lost its original shade. His eyebrows are the color of pale straw, and he takes an almost fiendish delight in tossing a medicine ball. The beach is never without him. It is his hobby and home. He asserts that there is nothing in the world so bracing as a morning dip. As yet, no one has actually espied him in the water.

# The Bridge Playing Type

His favorite epigram, when not engaged in play, is, "Who'll we get for a fourth?" There never seems to be any doubt about a second or a third. A fourth is the sole consideration. To him life is a series of Grand Slams and Sets—a game in which he is never quite sure whether his partner is going to trump his ace or not. He is always ready for a rubber, and has actually been known to play "double dummy" against himself throughout an entire house party. He delights in explaining the proper method of manœuvring certain hands, and has invented several rules of his own for discarding. His high-water mark in winnings for over a week-end is \$2.85.

### The Fishing Type

He is always just about to set off on an expedition, but, somehow or other, the wind isn't in precisely the right quarter, or it's too cold, or too warm. There's always some catch to it. He knows just what kind of tackle to use, the right boatman to hire, the proper bait, and all that sort of thing, but he's never sure where he ought to go. "Now three years ago—just about this time," he tells you, "the bass were biting so fast in the North Pond you wouldn't have had to bait your hook." But, somehow, it seems to be different this year. The fact is, it's always different.

C. G. S.

"WELL, Yabbsley made that same old banquet speech again last night!"

"Yep. That's his permanent address."

# The Landing of the Bootleg Fathers

THE motor trucks drew nigh, On a rock and rye-bound coast; That they were coming to the rye, Was every driver's boast.

And the thick Scotch mist hung dark,
The fire-water o'er,
When the liquor pirates moored their bark
Near the dry New Jersey shore.

Not as the steamer comes,
Dry as the well-known bone,
But with casks of St. Pierre's own rum,
And whisky from Athlone.

Not as the flying come, For what had they to fear, With bootlegacies of gin and port, And tuns of pre-war beer?

There were men whose hair was white Amidst that pirate band. What did they out so late at night, On sea instead of land?

They were moaning at the bar,
If you must know the truth,
For absinthe makes the heart more fond,
And ditto does vermouth.

What profited this show And all this secret stuff? Only two hundred per cent. or so, And that is fair enough.

Ay, call it holy ground,

Where they landed from the sea;

They stopped the drought for miles around,

For you and also me.

A. C. M. A., Jr.



THE NEW YORK SUBWAY RIDER ENCOUNTERS A COUNTRY TURNSTILE,



Captain: HERE Y'ARE, LADIES AN' GENTS! ROUND TH' LIGHTHOUSE AND BACK FER TEN CENTS—AN OCEAN VOYAGE FER A DIME! (Pause—no takers.) SAY, WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA? YOU SEEIN' THE LADY OFF?



First 100 Per Cent. Citizen: 1 hear you took a flyer ofer by Yurrup, Mr. Benvenuto. Second 100 Per Cent. Citizen: sure, Mr. offendoffski, i go giva da ol' dumpa da once-over.



# Wholly Moses

(Otherwise U. S. Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire.)

> WHEN Moses on Mt. Sinai's height Produced his tablets twain He was the leading legal light In all that vast domain. And yet he did not deck his brow With self-presented roses Or grab a single extra bow, But stayed as meek as Moses.

Again the early writers tell Of his amazing walk And how he led all Israel From Egypt to New York. His path lay on the ocean's floor; The waves divided stood; And thus he passed from shore to shore; Believe me, he was good.

Another Moses now we see, Mid legal lights enrolled, Who likewise would a leader be, At least so I am told. Will party waves divided stand? Will party leaders crown him? Or will they, ere the promised land Is reached, rush in and drown him? George S. Chappell.

# The New-Voes Are Going Camping

THE New-Voes are going camping.

Camping in the wilds.

Of course, they hope to be as comfortable as circumstances permit.

They will live aboard their private car, which has been plentifully stocked with every delicacy of the season (including a French chef and five Japanese valets), and for road work they will have a couple of Rolls-Royces

On the lake three steam launches await their needs.

They have engaged about twenty guides.

And a troupe of entertainers to amuse them during the slack moments.

In addition, they will have several jazz bands and a stringed orchestra.

They are taking just a few of their friends along.

About a hundred of them in all.

They have always wanted to "rough it."

So, at last, the New-Voes are going camping. C. G. S.

Camping in the wilds.

## On the Tired Business Man

His Breakfast Conversation Y/ONDER if this railroad merger will go through."

His Luncheon Conversation

"I hear that Amalgamated Prunes is a good tip."

His Dinner Conversation

"Steel closed at ninety-one and an eighth."

His Supper Conversation

"It's a sound investment, and pays seven and a half per

His Business Conversation "What's the best musical show in town?"

'HE woman who used to save up pin money now is saving it for her revolver fund.



She: HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT THING WORK? "IT'S EASY; YOU JUST PLAY IT ACCORDION TO HOYLE."

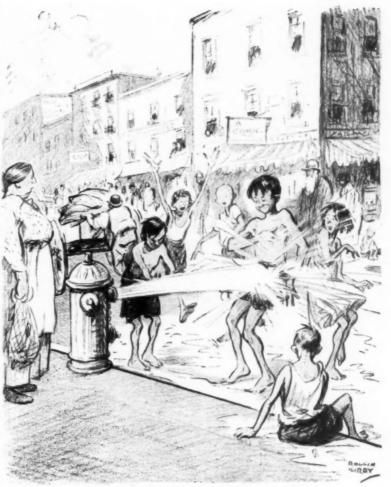
# In Tune with the Infinite

PROFESSOR BLOTTER of Columbia University has raised a sent me from Australia, where he is one of a missionary expedition to teach boxing to kangaroos so that they can get jobs in vaudeville.

"Dear Corey" (his letter reads),
"I note by New York Times that
Science has devised way to send wireless messages around world in less
than one second. Obvious result is
that people, on picking up receiver a
second after giving number, will discover their message has circled globe
and they are talking to themselves.
Irreparable loss threatened in wireless trade. Kindly advise. Blotter."

It seems the good Professor has no ideas at all on the subject; and I rather hesitate to offer any of mine. But I think I can best lay it all at the door of Science. It seems to me their fault; they have gone just about halfway in their invention. They have got things to the nicely balanced point where a message goes the exact number of thousand miles that corresponds to the circumference of the earth, only to arrive on the verge of collapse at the approximate spot from which it set forth so valiantly less than one full second before.

Science cannot go backwards, the Professor has told me any number of times; and if they have got the wireless to go this exact number of thousand miles, so that it ends where it started, there is only one remedy. They must make it go a little farther. Add ten miles, for example, to its present distance, so that it circles the globe and ten miles more in perhaps one second and an eighth; and you can talk to your friend ten miles



THE BAILEY'S BEACH OF DELANCEY STREET.

away, and save easily four and seven-eighths minutes on the average telephone at that. The solution to the crisis is at our very gates. "Go on with your kangaroos," I wrote Professor Blotter; "the problem is one for Science alone to grapple."

Corey H. Ford.

# His Specification

ARCHITECT: Now if you'll give me a general idea of the kind of house you need....

CLIENT: I want you to fix me up something to go with a doorknocker my wife brought home from Boston.





THE HUSBAND'S POCKET-BOOK PROTECTOR ROLLER CURTAIN THAT OFTEN PAYS FOR ITSELF IN ONE TRIP.



AUGUST 30, 1923

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 82, 2130

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MASS-SETTS, now represented in the Fed-

eral Government by the President, the Secretary of War, two members of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and by the usual number of other members of Congress, hopes very much that she and the rest of New England will get some anthracite coal for next winter, and means to leave no effort untried to acquire it. And she has reason to hope that her desires will be accomplished. The conviction that, as yet, is most confidently imputed to the new President, is that New England ought to have anthracite coal.

That is all right. New England ought to get hard coal if anyone does, and it is high time she knew where her winter supply is coming from, and highly proper that the President should concern himself. It is known that if the mines shut down on September first, failing agreement between the operators and miners, the President will do all the law allows to get out some coal. This knowledge ought to be useful to help the miners and the operators to agree. If they do not, the prospect is that the Federal Government will take the mines and operate them, so we may have a Ruhr problem of our own, and even if we do not get anthracite coal we will be sure to get news.

News? Gracious! We have it to burn. And such news! Columns of it about Germany, columns of it about France. Columns about England, Italy, Russia, and nearly all of it colored with politics as to facts, and misleading as to expectations. If we have a coal war in Pennsylvania with the Government active in it, we shall have the same sort of propaganda from there. There is a good deal just now to encourage the idea of giving this country back to the Indians except, perhaps, California, which the Japanese would doubtless accept with thanks. That would relieve us at least from responsibility for Europe, which possibly would follow our example and give itself back to some-body that had an ancient right to it.

However, it is the end of summer. People that have not had their vacations already are taking them, the fall is here with new invigorations, habit is strong and no doubt we will start again to work our problems out.



really some of them are urgent. The concerns of Europe are in a very anxious state indeed. Our travelers come home and discharge their minds of very gloomy views. Mr. Smoot, who is a power in the Republican party, and very devoted to the material welfare of the Unifed States, believes that another war is breeding in Europe and does not like the prospect, and would be glad to have the United States exercise a helpful influence in the situation, though he would probably object to any way that could be devised. No one who comes home brings optimistic views under his hat. Government has changed in Germany and the mark has gone completely to pot. There is distress and low spirits there. and though in large measure they are home-made, there are possibilities of an upset, the consequences of which cannot be measured. The news reports we get are full of contradictory propaganda, but out of it all one gathers undeniable assurance that Germany is in a very dangerous condition, though there are those who see hope in the change from Cuno to Stresemann. The present French policy has not run its course yet, notwithstanding it takes eighteen francs to buy a dollar. England has a million and a quarter unemployed receiving doles from the government and no immediate prospect of improvement in her revenues. Naturally she is taking thought for herself and, failing to persuade the Government of France to any measure of cooperation, seems disposed to make a deal with Germany on her own hook if she can.

Our travelers have watched these matters progress; our readers have followed them in the papers. They do not like them. Our administration has changed hands and one reads that our new President finds the greatest difficulty to win time and seclusion in which to think. It is given out that he will go on with all the Harding policies, but of course he needs to think a lot about these present problems and needs help to think straight. The gentlemen whose minds are engaged in making him a candidate for President cannot help him at all. His problem for the moment is not the presidential succession, but how to function as President; what to do, if anything. both in foreign and domestic affairs. It seems really to have come to the point where the country wants something done, wants the condition of Europe taken up as a matter that concerns us and some course of helpfulness planned and carried out.



A SIDE from politics, coal and motor car fatalities, the most interesting news in the papers nowadays is about the hold-ups and crimes of violence that go on all the time. Very bad, indeed; but very interesting! Almost every day somewhere. somebody is murdered and robbed by gunmen who get away in motor cars. There is an epidemic of these crimes. They tell us they are committed by young men, amateurs mostly, who are dope fiends. They take heroin and become oblivious of all consequences and all fears. Something searching and fundamental has got to be done about these chaps. The police bereabouts seem to have abundantly the will to do it, but the rascals get away.

E. S. Martin.





Recognition

Jones has never attracted much attention in town as a pai



own as a painter but in the country he is very popular.



Special Announcement

COMPRESSED into a one-act sketch, "Tweedles" would have been almost unbearably good. As it stands, it is for the most part delightful entertainment with several tenuous stretches during which you can add up your check-book stubs or mark moustaches on the Rogers Peet advertisement in your program.

Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson are the coauthors, so the good parts you take for granted and the tiresome parts are doubly difficult to reconcile with the rest. By "tiresome parts" we mean those long passages of dialogue when the audience is three or four jumps ahead of the characters and has to sit down by the roadside to wait for them to catch up. By "good parts" we mean the rest of the show.

Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon as the child-lovers are everything that they should be in a Tarkington affaire de cœur. The juvenile eliché which Mr. Kelly utilizes this time is "so to speak," and it is tremendously effective in his more powerful moments of love-making. Donald Meek as the Tweedle representative in the enforcement arm of the nation's service proves that an old type can be made hilariously funny by a genuine comedian, even to those scenes of practically instantaneous intoxication which we have seen so often before. He and George Farren, who plays the master Tweedle with sonorous impressiveness, are two out of the thousands of actors yearly attempting New England rustic rôles who actually suggest New England.



THE story deals with (don't cringe, we are not going to tell the plot) the family pride of Rittenhouse Square in conflict with the family pride of the Kennebunk sector. If we are not mistaken (and, as Joe Cook says, we probably arc mistaken) the Tweedle family, which holds most of the public offices and influential agrarian positions along the hither-Portland coast, is a stage version of the Littlefield clan which dominates that field to-day. The prototypes of the Castlebury tribe are too numerous to attempt to trace.

We would unhesitatingly recommend "Tweedles" if we had not so many clients who get restless on the slightest provocation and blame us for a dull evening if they are not held clinging to the edge of their seats from 8:30 until 11 P. M. Personally, we had a fine time, but hope that no cousin from Worcester drops in this week and wants to be taken to see it, necessitating our going again right away. Maybe next month. In fact, probably next month, cousin or no cousin.

UST as we were beginning to think that we had regained our boyish facility at laughing in the theatre and were going about telling people how really easy to please we are once you get to know us, Mr. Aaron Hoffman comes along with his comedy, "The Good Old Days," and plunges us back into our old melancholia. As we sat amid the laughing hundreds of Mr. Hoffman's friends at the opening night, and heard the roars of delight that went up at each new lumbering sally at Prohibition, we wondered if, after all, we weren't a menace to the public. For the louder they laughed, the more peevish we grew, until finally we discovered that we were subconsciously figuring out some way by which every one who laughed could be automatically jabbed with a poisoned needle, death resulting immediately so that they wouldn't pile up in the aisles. Now, of course, that's no way to feel.

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A NOTHER bad effect of Mr. Hoffman's anti-Prohibition comedy on us was to turn us definitely into the ranks of the Prohibitionists. We came to our final decision when the old saloonkeeper, closing up his bar for the last time on the night when the amendment went into effect, extinguished the light in the miniature Statue of Liberty, saying, "Good-by, Liberty, your light goes out to-night."

In the first place, Liberty didn't die on the night when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. It died a long, long time ago, but Mr. Hoffman and many others hadn't heard about it until 1920. Several of us have long felt the pinch of not being able to stand up on a street corner and say what we think on things in general, but we don't even dare to say that we feel the pinch, much less go about turning out lights on little Statues of Liberty. Liberty must have a good laugh at all the third-day obsequies that are being held over her mummny-case.



A LARGER number of people were hit by this law than have ever been hit before. Hence the tumult. And when a large number of people wax satirical, as every one does who opposes Prohibition, the aristocratic old institution of satire becomes degraded. Theoretically, we are against Prohibition, but a cause which enlists as much cheap satire and as many cheap minds in opposition to it as Prohibition has done on Broadway must have the Right on its side. Henceforth, this department will be the one dry spot in this paper.

Robert C. Benchley.

Scandals of 1923. Globe—George White's current exhibition of pleasing fancies and otherwise.

Vanities of 1923. Earl Carroll—Joe Cook and other amusing features, embedded in a spectacular revue. Peggy Hopkins Joyce is there, too.

Wildflower. Casino-You won't find bet-

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam -

Débutantes

DEBUTANTES who have "seen

"tired of it all"; débutantes who are

never without a cigarette; débutantes

who go home only to change their

clothes; débutantes who quote Scho-

penhauer and Nietzsche; débutantes

who are unable to quote anything;

débutantes who dine out every eve-

ning; débutantes who never dine out;

débutantes who "came out" ten years

A<sup>N</sup> efficiency expert who observed Gilda Gray doing her South Sea

dance thought he could detect waist

everything"; débutantes who are

# **Confidential Guide**

Owing to the time it takes to print Life, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

# More or Less Serious

The Breaking Point. Klaw-To be re-

Brook. G Greenwick Village-To be re-

The Fool. Times Square—Last weeks of hanning Pollock's highly successful re-Channing Pollock's Channing Pollock's Ingious venture.

Unne Fires. Thirty-Ninth St.—To be

Home Fires. Thirty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed next week.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's—The coming season will have to jump high to do better than this powerful piece of writing and

Red Light Annie. Morosco-To be re-

Seventh Heaven. Booth—Still proving that all you need is some screaming and a little off-stage music.

Sun Up. Provincetown—Native drama the backwoods, worth seeing if you are sterested in native drama.

Thumbs Down. Forty-Ninth St.—The rst of the new murder mysteries, identical ith the rest in most respects.

The Woman on the Jury. Ellinge—To reviewed next week.

# Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—You never can tell. Henry Ford might be elected President, after all. Everyone scoffed when this show started.

Aren't We All. Gaicty—Cyril Maude very guffawing and very amusing in a nice little English piece.

The Children of the Moon. Comedy-To eviewed later

The Devil's Disciple. Garrick—Revolu-tionary drama, with a last act proving that it was written by Shaw.

The Good Old Days. Broadhurst—Re-viewed in this issue.

In Love with Love. Ritz—Very pleasant everyday talk, nicely spoken by Lynn Fontanne and an excellent cast.

Magnolia. Liberty - To be reviewed

Merton of the Movies. Cort—The one real satire on the movies, with the one real super-juvenile, Glenn Hunter.

Polly Preferred. Little-Back again after summer's vacation, and not unwelcome,

Tweedles. Frazec - Reviewed in this

Two Pellows and a Girl, Vanderbiltriage.

We've Got to Have Money. Playhouse— be reviewed next week. The Whole Town's Talking. Bijou—To reviewed next week.

# Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. George M. Cohan's-Stock B. Van.

Artists and Models. Century Roof—To be reviewed later.

Helen of Troy, N. Y. Selwyn—Fresh and tuneful musical comedy with several new twists and a good cast.

Little Jessie James. Longacre-To be re-

Little Miss Bluebeard. Lyceum-To be viewed next week.

Passing Show of 1923. Winter Garden—Several very hearty laughs.

# Safety First

"I'VE been driv' out of camp by the boys," said the old ranchman, as he dismounted from his horse and approached the group of Easterners gathered around their camp fire. They looked rather startled. They had expected to find strange characters in the West, but nothing like the one who had just spoken.

"But it ain't nothing to be a-skeered of," he went on reassuringly. "I was lyin' in my bunk last night with everything but my nose wrapped up in my blankets and along came a rat and bit me on it. See!" He stepped into the firelight, where the punctured nose could be inspected.

"When I told the boys, in the morning, they all backed away and wouldn't have nothing more to do with me. Said I would get hydrophoby and bite. They made me pull my freight.

"But there ain't any real danger," he added plaintively. "You'll be perfectly safe if you'll let me spend the night with you. It's just like I tried to tell them-only they wouldn't listen to me. There ain't any way I could have bit them if they had only taken my false teeth away from me.'

And then he disarmed.

THE thing that counts most is the adding machine.



"LIZA, WHAT'S DIS AH HEAH ABOUT YO' MAN GITTIN' DECORATED IN D' WAR?".

"LAW, MANDY, HE DIDN'T GIT DECORATED NOHOW. HE JES' GOT EXCITED FOR BRAVERY."

# Broadcastings

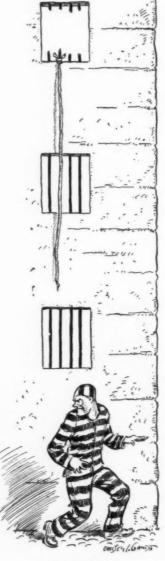
By Montague Glass

RECENTLY I moved from a New York hotel to a New York hospital where I enjoyed greater comfort although poorer health, and in the transfer of my belongings, "The Oxford Book of English Verse" got itself lost-having apparently, with the total depravity of inanimate things, taken advantage of its owner's disability to elope with a pair of cuff-links which my wife gave me last Christmas. Therefore, after I had so far recovered my health as to stand the rigors of another New York hotel, I found myself in need of an anthology as well as a pair of cuff-links. The cufflinks were easily bought, for any pair of cuff-links will supplant in the affections of the wearer any former pair of cuff-links, but the person who was sent to buy a copy of "The Oxford Book of Verse" was persuaded by the salesman to take instead "A Book of British and American Verse," edited by Henry van Dyke with the assistance of Hardin Craig and Asa Don Dickinson. It contains a lot of verse for the money, and no doubt the salesman judged anthologies by weight and the number of editors; hence the honest fellow believed it was better than "The Oxford Book of Verse" when he recommended my messenger to buy it.

HOWEVER, it seems to me as the ultimate consumer that the principal office of Hardin and Asa was to overcome the natural modesty of Dr. van Dyke, so that at length they induced him reluctantly to include in his anthology of "Little Masterpieces of Poetry," to quote the title page, several pieces of his own verse. Or perhaps I do Hardin and Asa an injustice. It may be that they were responsible for classifying the "Little Masterpieces" into Love Songs, Songs of Patriotism, etc. Included among Songs of Patriotism is "To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars," by Richard Lovelace. Another instance of what Hardin and Asa believe to be a song of patriotism is Burns' "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine, and fill it in a silver tassie," etc. What Asa and Hardin really ought to do is to classify the books on the shelves of a department store's book department. That's where the book-lover may find Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" un-

\* \* \*

der Guide Books and Books of Travel, and F. P. A.'s "Tobogganing on Parnassus" under Sports and Games. As for the inclusion of Dr. van Dyke's little masterpieces in this rival anthology to "The Oxford Book of Verse," perhaps Hardin and Asa thought it a well-merited rebuke to Mr. Quiller-Couch for not including them in the Oxford Book. I'm not certain whether Quiller-Couch is still



IS THAT SO?
A MAN MAY BE DOWN, BUT HE'S
NEVER OUT

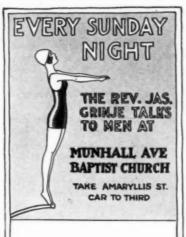
Mr. Quiller-Couch, or whether he is not by this time Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, but I do hope he has a knighthood to console him for what by implication Hardin and Asa think are his sins of omission.

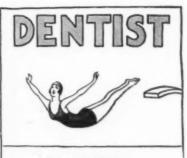
COTCH whisky in these Prohibition days may not taste as good as the Scotch whisky of old, but it certainly comes in much gayer bottles. A friend of mine exhibited a squat bottle all bedecked with red sealing wax and yellow tape. The label was a work of art in two colors beautifully lettered on what appeared to be handlaid deckle-edge paper of the first quality. However, the friend assured me that the contents were nothing better than genuine old vatted Staten Island Scotch, made of new Kentucky corn liquor with the addition of a little creosote. The labels, he declared, were printed on Mulberry Street, New York, and the sealing wax and tape had been procured at a law stationer's on Liberty Street. I suggested that he have a sample passed upon by an analytical chemist. He declined to do so upon the grounds that, first, he hated to spoil the appearance of the bottle, and second, he had a whole case of the stuff, and there was grave danger that the analytical chemist might find it unfit to drink.

THERE are liars, infernal liars and public men who claim-for publication-that the Bible and Shakespeare are two of their ten favorite books. There are, of course, even more depraved people, usually college professors and presidents, who will brazenly assert that the Very Rev. J. Braddon Chippendale's "Religion and Life" and von Wasel-Schmalfeld's "Use of the Word Aidos in the Odyssey" are also two of their favorite books, but these are just plain impudent fakers. Nine times out of ten, or rather 999 times out of 1,000, people who read the Bible do it out of a sense of duty, and while there may be satisfaction in doing one's duty, there is precious little enjoyment. On the other hand. Shakespeare contains passages which are genuinely enjoyable such as all the scenes that Falstaff has with Mistress Quickly in "Henry

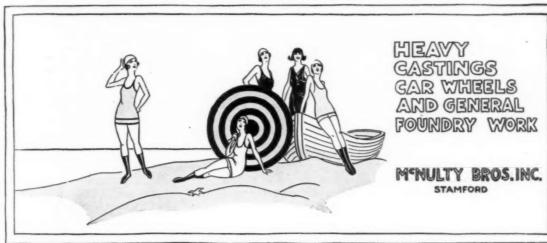
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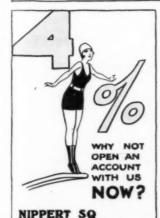




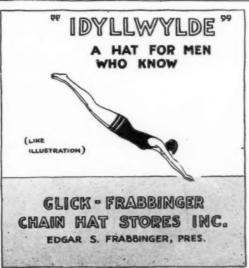


MAGNUS LILLIBRIBGE, D.D.S. BROAD RIVER, CONN.





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THE JILL OF ALL TRADES
HOW DOTH THE BUSY BATHING GIRL-?

# LIFE

# Mr. Cooley's Cap

R. COOLEY got an invitation to a fancy dress ball. Being an original soul, his first impulse was to go as a Pierrot, but after much thought he decided to wear the disguise of a yachtsman, inasmuch as he already owned a blue serge coat, white shoes.

The only missing article was the cap.

Presently he thought of Hesketh, who used to belong to the Swashianka Yacht Club and who was on the point of going to Alaska to become the superintendent of a mining company.

Therefore he hurried over to Hesketh's house, just in time to salyage the desired cap before it was packed for storage.

And so he went to the ball with his wife and was a yachtsman.

Well, the cap hung in his closet all through the winter and spring, and when summer-time arrived he came upon it as he was digging around among his wife's clothes, which had invaded that nook the architect had designated as a "master's closet"—whatever that may mean.

He placed the cap jauntily on his head and surveyed himself in the mirror, struck by the likeness to Lord Beatty.

There were no two ways about it, the darned thing did give him an air.

So he wore it out into the garden, and as he strode down the path he flattered himself that he rolled—not too much, but with just a suggestion of sea-doggishness.

Mrs. Cutler looked over the hedge and saw him. Knowing himself to be observed, he swung a little more into her line of vision and, with fists sunk deep into the pockets of his buttoned coat, hummed, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Mrs. Cutler told her husband—who, in turn, told the boys in the bank—that Cooley had been seen wearing a yachting cap.

Presently a lot of people knew of it and before long Cooley was saying, "Why, yes, I've done quite a lot of sailing at one time and another. I'm thinking of joining the Snag Harbor Yacht Club."

Having got in so far, he hurried to his friend Ranse, who was a member of the club, and asked to be proposed for membership.

Except for the second mortgage on his house, there was no special reason why he shouldn't join, and so he was elected and went over and sat on the veranda of the little clubhouse and wore his cap.

Now Cooley's knowledge of boats, beyond the fact that they floated, was practically nothing at all, for he had been born in Iowa.

His wife began to be neglected, as did his garden. A sailor's life, he felt, gave one a certain immunity from the conventions. It is a roving life—a life of spindrift and surging seas—by God, the old restless Viking spirit, once it mastered a man, knocked that sort of puttering around into a cocked hat.

After a while he came to be asked by some of his fellow-members to go out on the Sound on Saturday afternoons.

And once he was caught in a storm and got wet and was afraid.

Being a sailor by invitation began to annoy him. He would buy a boat. Finally, at considerable sacrifice, he





THE EMBATTLED FARMER



Hostess: Are you having a good time?

Dorothy: I think so, but this is my first party.

secured the Lazy Mabel, a somewhat worn cat-boat which he renamed Simoon III. That gave a pleasant background of ownership.

At first he sailed her cautiously around the harbor on fair days, but eventually he got sufficient mastery over her to tack out into the open Sound.

From then on his decline was rapid. Simoon III came to be an abhorred thing.

A real craft with some speed in her and a galley and sleeping quarters—a thirty-footer at least—perhaps a Swede captain . . .

A third mortgage on the house was negotiated and Simoon IV came into his possession.

Late in September his wife went to visit her mother in Des Moines and refused to return,

The garden was a tangle of weeds. In October the Viking spirit was sinking fast. On the 25th it passed peacefully away, and two hours after the dissolution had occurred a messenger boy dashed up the steps of a certain house in Des Moines.

"Simoon IV gone. Retired—come back at once," the message ran.

It was twilight in Blahfield of a warm October day. The air was filled with the scent of burning leaves. On every hand the honest suburbanite was busy with rake and barrow.

From the Cooley cottage two figures issued—a man and a woman.

The man was carrying something in his hand.

Slowly, as though a rite were being performed, they made their way to the bonfire burning in the far end of the garden.

Then, with a gesture in which one skilled in such things could have discerned immeasurable relief, the main tossed his votive offering on the pyre.



FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM THE STATION.



"AFTER ALL, MAYBE I AM A LITTLE TOO QUICK WITH ME TONGUE."

# "What's Sauce for the Goose-"

CAME a Comrade, rough and hirsute,

Kicked on Trotsky's office door, Shoved it open with his top boot, Spat urbanely on the floor.

"I have bagged a bourgeois baker."
Quoth this most fraternal Red,
"A profiteer, an undertaker,
Speak the order—and they're dead!"

Trotsky, after he'd commanded, Clicked them up on a machine. "What's the count?" a voice demanded.

"Ninety-six! My dear Lenin."

Next a communistic Sister Burst right through the office door, In her haste she called him "Mister" (Titles are forbid by law).

"I have got of Dukes a lotsky, Something over seventeen."

"Pop 'em off!" dictated Trotsky,

"Spoil the good ones!" cried Lenin.

Thus the Comrades daily picked up The Intelligentsia, clean;

Trotsky "popped 'em off" and clicked

Till he bust his old machine.

Came the hirsute Comrade Drovsky, Swearing "hellovitch" and "darn," "They have plunked Envoy Verovsky In the tummy at Lausanne!"

Rose Lenin and cried, "Great Scotsky! This is murder, most obscene! Ain't it awful, Comrade Trotsky?" "Scan-da-lous! My dear Lenin."

Roger A. Derby.

THERE is less grumbling over the loss of the cocktail hour now that people have discovered that almost any one of the remaining twenty-three will do just as well.



Takes the first in an eagle two, after driving green. (28) yds, elbow)



Sommmmmme drive on that second! Right down the alley. Perfect jugger approach. Budie 3.





Wife spoils a sure birdie 3 on the fourth. Concedes himself a par 4.



The old midiron fifth. Is that a one? No? O, well. Taps in a six inch putt for a 2.



Drives beyond apple tree. Ray only just reached it. Lovely pitch. Magnanimously lets himself off with par.



ON IN 2!! Just like Ray. Sinks 60 ft. putt. Betterin Ray. Eagle 3 !!!!!! On the seventh! Gosh!!



Second reaches hardest par 4 green in world, bar none. Imagination lags and putt just accelerates in time. Biroie.



Ho—ly white eye!! Drives edge of water. Down in 2 on the island green. La ta ta Giah ta tjah! Etc.



BINNNNNG! (Reporters verify 370 vds) Second carries pond, and on in 2! Eagle 3. Takes ovation modestly.



Mashie pitch descending into cup for a 1 is gummed by wife cutting in. Concedes the 1, however.



Over the hill and far away. Holy cat! will she ever come down! Takes modest par4.



Drives beyond reservoir (Ray was 20 yds. short, week before) On in 2. 65 ft. putt. Eagle 3. Ho hum!



Only 234 yds. Plays it safe with midiron. Birdie 2. Lessee, 4 under 3, 38 there. O, that'll kind o'do, I guess.



Be-yond both sand pits! Runs down 90 yd. approach. Come on, show me a hard hole, somebody.



Drive, 350 yds, stymied by tree. 115 yd niblick loft, 20 in putt. Golf certaly brings out the best in a man, don't it?



O—h, BAbee!! Go on, sweetie, so on! O, just a nice, snappy lil old 196 yd. I, thassall. Water most of the way



Rottenest tee in the world, but—sommme drive!! (Falls out of bed, groping wildly for chair.)



(Ungolflike interlude.)



Sleep at last, and doing the 19th in a par quart.

POST-SEASON SPORT

DUB GOLFIAC GOLFING HIMSELF TO SLEEP

# of the Drama

# "Circus Days"

This problem of eternal youth is becoming painfully acute. For several acons mankind has been struggling along on the usual basis of mortality with moderate success. There have been a few abortive attempts, by Ponce de Leon, Dr. Steinach and others, to discover a fountain of youth—but the great majority of human beings have been content to be born, to grow up and to die in the manner of their ancestors.

However, now we have Jackie Coogan on our hands—and something must be done about it. One of the great tragedies of history is being enacted before our very eyes, for Jackie Coogan is getting older and older day by day.

If a Fountain of Eternal Youth really exists, now is the time for some one to discover it; and Jackie Coogan is logically the first candidate for immersion.

THE latest Coogan drama, "Circus Days," is somewhat broader as to comedy than anything he has done since "Peck's Bad Boy," which was his only poor picture. This time the humor is more legitimate. Eddie Cline, the director, has used his long experience with Buster Keaton to good advantage, and has inoculated this mild story of life under the big top with a great number of invigorating gags.

"Circus Days" has more variety than the previous Jackie Coogan productions, with the exception of "Oliver Twist," and it does not reek so heavily of sentiment; but it is alarming for the reasons that we have outlined

Jackie Coogan certainly is approaching the day when he will be known as "that chap who was such a wonderful child actor." In "Circus Days" he has his first experience with love interest

# "Little Johnny Jones"

ABOUT twenty years ago, a slangy, nasal, 110 per cent.

American comedian named George M. Cohan stepped out on the stage in a musical piece of his own composition entitled "Little Johnny Jones." He danced nimbly, sang "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Give My Regards to Broadway," and waved the tri-colored emblem of our country.

It was a grand show.

Now "Little Johnny Jones" has been made into a movie, and it appears as the most unpalatable section of tripe that has been crammed down the throats of the public in many a season. Just as many of us were beginning to rejoice because the silent drama had at last attained its majority, along comes "Little Johnny Jones" and shoves us right back to the dim, dark days of infancy.

The motion picture, at least, has solved the problem of eternal youth.

# "Ashes of Vengeance"

DECKED out in the gaudy raiment of the sixteenth century, Norma Talmadge makes her entry into romantic drama in "Ashes of Vengeance." She has played in many thrillers in her time, from "The Sign on the Door" to "The Eternal Flame," but this is her first real experience with a story of the Dumas type.

"Ashes of Vengeance" was not written by Dumas—the author being an English lady named H. B. Somerville; but it is typical swashbuckling melodrama, with flashing rapiers, ladies in distress and knights who are both chivalrous and shy.

Miss Talmadge and Conway Tearle, her leading man, are excellent, and the direction of Frank Lloyd is characteristically good. However, I must add at least three or four stints to my praise of "Ashes of Vengeance," for the scenery against which the story is enacted is about as realistic as the settings used by a number 5 "Ben Hur" road company.

The producers spent a great deal of money on the backgrounds for "Ashes of Vengeance," but they will do well to go over their books. Somebody has gypped them.

# "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

ON the other side of the scenic ledger is "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," which appears to be the absolute Final, Five Star, Closing Edition of the-most-expensive-motion-picture-ever-produced. Universal produced "Foolish Wives" and "Merry-Go-Round," and then decided that they were tired of being pikers. So they blew the works on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Oddly enough, the results that they have achieved justify the vast outlay of good (at the present rate of exchange) money. They reproduced Notre Dame Cathedral, and most of the surrounding city of Paris, exactly as it was in the days of the grim King Louis XI, five hundred years ago. Every architectural detail, from the gargoyles down, is intact.

It is a stupendous scene—so good, in fact, that a great many incredulous observers will shake their heads wisely and announce that the whole thing is no more than a clever fake.

As those who have read Victor Hugo's gory novel will know, the Cathedral plays the leading rôle in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—and it is rightly featured in the picture. The mere mortals who appear in its supporting cast are extremely good, particularly Lon Chaney, who gives an incredible performance as the twisted dwarf, Ernest Torrence, as Clopin the revolutionist, and Patsy Ruth Miller, the gypsy heroine—but they are naturally subordinate to Notre Dame itself.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" was directed by Wallace Worsley, who should glean almost as much fame from this picture as Rex Ingram did from "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Indeed, after seeing this remarkable film, I can truthfully voice the conviction that we have nothing more to learn from the Germans—in scenic effects, in management of mob scenes or in the vital elements of drama.

Robert E. Sherwood.



# What the three U.S.Rubber discoveries bring to Royal Cord Leadership

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The three new U.S. Rubber discoveries as fully described in recent

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#### The Bad Lands

A Leelanau County Indian barely escaped with his life when attacked by hold-up men on a visit to Chicago. The Indian can not be too strongly urged, nowadays, not to venture too far away from civilization.

-E. C. A., in Detroit News.

#### Optional

"Ma, I want to go to a co-educational college."

"But, daughter, isn't there a good deal of flirting?"

"Yes, but you don't have to take that course."-Louisville Course-Journal.

### The Storm Reaches Auchtermuchty

McPherson: Pit yon candle oot, Mary. Ye shouldna waste guid lightning.—Punch.

FAME is as fleeting as a ferryboat shoe-shine.

F. P. A., in New York World.



IN BATOUALA'S COUNTRY

"AND WHICH IS YOUR LITTLE BOY?"
"THAT ONE OVER THERE IN WHITE."
—Le Rire (Paris)

Anti-Climax

Surf and sunshine, pretty girls, Golf and precious laziness; Ethel's novels, fox-trot whirls, Bubbling liquor's throat-caress. These sweets be;

Their poetry
The fleeting week-end will adorn;
But such lyrics end, ah me,
In the prose of Monday morn!

Life cajoles us first with Youth—
Mere perfection's all we ask,
Stainless honor, naked truth,
Fame of some heroic task—
Then farewell, dreams!
'Tis dulness streams
Through the opening Gates of Horn;
Mid-age sets us dreary themes

Writ in prose of Monday morn.

I loved Eva, she loved me:

"Here's a charm to outwit Time!"
Life sang most enticingly
Fairy tales in golden rhyme.

Then we wed:

Then we wed;
All's done and said.
Ah, tales from "fairy lands forlorn!"

Ah, tales from "fairy lands forlorn!"

But weep not, Eva is not dead,
She's the prose of Monday morn.

-"Kel," in The Bulletin (Sydney).

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

# Keep looking young by having the right complexion

The first signs of age are shown in the skin. Remember that a soft, smooth complexion is not to be had after the age of twenty without persistent effort.

Cleanliness is the basis of beauty and you cannot be over-careful in the selection of your toilet soap. Never purchase any kind because it is cheap. To save at the expense of your skin is misplaced economy.

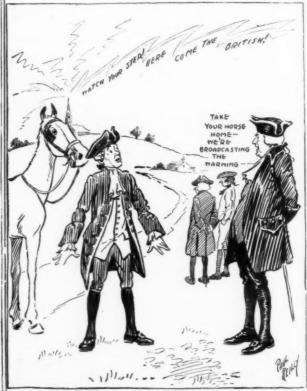
Give yourself a beauty treatment with Resinol Soap tonight, and you will understand why thousands of women consider it the ideal cleanser. By power of the Resinol it contains, it protects the skin against germ development—the acknowledged primary cause of skin disorders.

When skin troubles are already present, a few touches of Resinol Ountment usually clears them away and restores the natural glow of health. Write to Dept. 5 P. Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for free samples.

"Simply perfection for any complexion"







ON THE EIGHTEENTH OF APRIL, IN '75,
THE RADIOPHONE WAS NOT ALIVE;
IF IT HAD BEEN, I'M SURE, MY DEAR,
YOU'D NEVER HAVE HEARD OF PAUL REVERE.

# Broadcastings

(Continued from page 20)

IV," Second Part, but people who include Shakespeare in their ten favorite books don't know anything about these scenes. All they know is that it looks good in print to claim Shakespeare as included in one's ten favorite authors and they let it go at that.

My ten favorite books, at present,

Somerville & Ross' "Experiences of an Irish R. M.," "Further Experiences of an Irish R. M."; A. Neil Lyons' "Arthur's," "Clara," "Cottage Pie," "Moby Lane," "Sixpenny Pieces"; Luigi Lucatelli's "Teodoro the Sage"; Canon Hannay's "Spanish Gold," "The Search Party."

This choice is made while the temperature stands at 94 degrees Fahrenheit. If we have rain and cooler weather to-morrow, my list is subject to change without notice. And, anyway, people who have only ten favorite books are practically illiterate. Everybody ought to have two hundred favorite books and buy them in copyrighted editions. If people had only ten favorite groceries, the grocery business would be just as bad as the book business.

A STRANGER in New York is a man who sticks his head out of a hotel window every time a Fifth Avenue bus back-fires. He thinks it's a murder, but it's only an outrage, and it happens every ten minutes.

# Laddie Boy's Lament

HE went away and left me, but at parting

He laid a gentle hand upon my head. Who knows the aching heart, the stinging, smarting,

Bitter tears of sorrow, all unshed! Oh, how I loved him! Ev'ry pulse

beat faster, Whene'er I heard his step—for well I knew

It was my Master!

They brought him home again—I saw them marching

Up the broad steps into the House of Death.

I could not bark nor whine, my throat was parching;

The agony of grief in every breath.

Oh, how I loved him! And there, there, lay the end!

Perhaps, some day, I'll be allowed to

He was my Friend!

B, M.

"Why do you object to playing on the public golf course?"

"I shrink from buying balls for people I do not know."

# One Lucky Strike Leads to Another

NO man who smokes LUCKY STRIKES ever feels that he has smoked too much. He is satisfied but never sated.

He finds that the Toasted Process produces a flavor mild enough to be continuously enjoyed.

He doesn't have to debate whether or not he ought to have another one, because he knows from experience that even if, in his private opinion, he sometimes smokes too many, he never has the sense of having smoked too much.

The American Pobales C.

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"I'M GOING AWAY TO THE COUNTRY TO-MORROW."

"ALAS! THERE GOES ANOTHER BIT OF OLD PARIS FROM US." -Le Rire (Paris).

It's got so that when a politician puts his ear to the ground he gets up a dirt farmer .- Dallas News.

# OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES FOOLISH



# A Time for Hurry

Sam Lung was busy in one of the great warehouses south of Market Street, tugging at a ponderous bale of burlap, when a large motor truck came backing silently through the door loaded high with more burlan.

Another Chinese, who had been helping Sam, seeing the oncoming truck, stepped aside and began in the quaint singsong of their people to inform him of the danger. "If you do not care to have your bones rest in the unholy ground of the white devils for a long spell, then in time taken up and removed to the land of your ancestors, you had better-

Just then, as the heavily loaded truck was about to smash Sam, his companion finished his warning with the exclamation "Look ow!" Sam jumped in time to escape being crushed. With a frightened face he exclaimed to his helper, "Wha' for you no talkee Melican first time?"

-Argonaut (San Francisco).

#### One Woman's Idea

A young husband who had not found married life exactly a path of roses, and who sincerely wished to prove to his wife the depth of his affection, went home one evening and said, cheerily: "Well, 'Tilda, you can't guess what I have done to-day.'

"Made a fool of yourself, as usual!" replied 'Tilda, ungraciously.

'Tilda, dearest, I have insured my life."

"Well," said the irate little woman, "I always knew you were mean. Insured your life, indeed! Ah! Always looking out for yourself first!"

-Tit-Bits (London).

#### Revived

"Ben, I'll give you ten dollars to have your picture made in the cage with that lion."

"No, suh, boss, not me."

"He won't hurt you; he hasn't got any teeth."

"Mebbe so, but I ain't going to be gummed to death by no old lion."

-Atlanta Constitution.

### Another Howler

Here is a schoolboy attempt at writing out the Commandments:

"Six days shalt thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do, and on the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work."-London Daily News.

IRATE PARENT: I'll have no more of this, sir! You are wasting your life. You'll start at my office to-morrow at eight!

Son (aghast): W-what in the morning?-Humorist (London).



## The Lunatic

A gentleman called at our office the other day and said: "I wanta ask about my income tax, if you know."

"Ah!" we sighed, sympathetically, "I wanta know," he said, "about this. Last year I had t' borrow money t' pay th' tax on my income; this year I had t' borrow money t' pay that back an' pay this year's taxes, and next year I got to sell my house t' pay 'em all and my taxes. Now, how much does the government owe me for what I ain't got?"-Richmond Times-Dispatch.

#### No Gratuity

INCENSED HUSBAND (to messenger): What! A tip? For a telegram that tells me my wife has run off!

-Le Rire (Paris).







HOW MANY PERSONS WILL READ THIS COPY OF LIFE?

en

fe Li

# LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Life's Fresh Air Fund has been in operation for the past thirty-six years. In that time it has expended \$221,827.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 4,325 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in Life about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to Life's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

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# An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

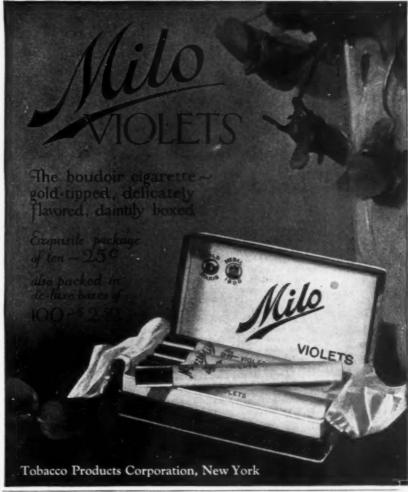
The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely re-move every sign and trace of it. You will find, too, that all itching of the

scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



# The Education of a Club Woman's Husband

"I WANT you to stop at my house and see the painting I bought last week. I want you to tell me if you see the same thing I do when I look at it. I would ask my wife only she's not speaking to me.

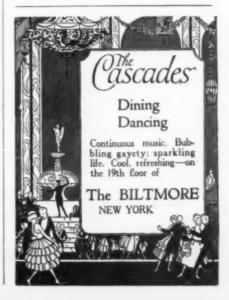
"You see, her club had an art exhibition and some of the artists came along with the pictures. My wife said that was the only way they could prevent merely commercial buyers from purchasing their work. As he was on the committee we invited one of the artists to dinner and as luck would have it that happened to be the day my old father dropped in from Posey County. All through dinner I could see he was nervous and unhappy and when it was over he didn't seem to want to leave the table. But my wife remarked that we'd have our coffee in the library and that cheered Dad up.

"Everything was going all right when Dad whispered to me-that is, he thought he was whispering-that he liked to have his coffee at the table so he could dip his bread in it. In spite of the chord my wife struck on the piano the artist heard him and I had to buy one of his pictures to square myself with her." McC. H.

# WANTED

These back numbers of LIFE: Nos. 1874, 1878, 1898. For one copy of each in good condition 50 cents apiece will be paid by

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As a gargle, Absorbine, Jr. soothes the irritation of the smoker's throat, freshens the mouth and destroys germs. Used with a dentifrice, it gets to the crevice-hidden germs between the teeth and helps keep the toothbrush aseptically clean. With the shampoo, it destroys the dandruff germs.

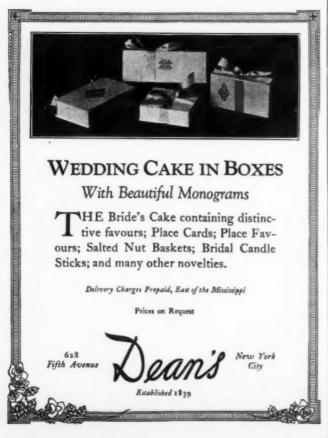
Absorbine, Jr. has a pungent, agreeable odor and

is pleasant to use.

A\* most druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c, postpaid.
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Cleansing Soothing Healing





# Echoes of the Contest

(Continued from page 7)

practical mind makes him "Winner of the Carnegie Tough Luck Medal," and one, "A Man Down but Not Out."

Some hark back many years to "The Slave Market" and "The Auction Block" of "A Slave in Babylon," while modern methods show in "Displaying Her Wears," by "Selling Talk" and "Salesmanship à la Mode." The "Middleman" and "Overselling a Prospect" must be considered; also "Matters of Finance," with "Money Talks" as to "Selling Bonds" and "Simple and Compound Interest."

Jewelers would like "Mother of Pearl," or "Fret Work and Old Jade," and understand "The Lure of the Antique," while the botanist notices "The Clinging Vine," and "Bittersweet," with "The Golden Rod and the Daisy," also "Tulips and Wallflower," and "The Bud and the Rose."

"Tulips and Wallflower," and "The Bud and the Rose."
Mining interests hear "The Gold Digger" is "Prospecting for Gold," but it is "Another Get Rich Quick Scheme," while "A Claim Jumper" makes the "Young Prospector and the Forty Niner" the "Victim of a Preempted Claim."

Mythology and the classics are well represented by "The Judgment of Paris," "Andromeda and Perseus in Reverse Rôles"; also "Ulysses and His Sirens," "Circe," and "The Modern Quest of the Golden Fleece."

It is "The Greatest Common Divisor," "Between Love and Duty," "The Eternal Triangle," "The Problem of the Ages." "Watchful Waiting" is needed, though "He Who Hesitates Is Lost." It is "Between Youth and Old Age," or "The Lady or the Tiger," though we are a bit hazy as to which lady represents the feline in question.

The elder lady is told it is "The Light of Other Days,"
"From Out the Past," or "The Glory of Indian Summer";
that it is "Time to Retire" although "The Day of the
Older Woman." It is "Ma Jong (young)" and "MArooned," though "The Evening Was MArred" by "Malingering"; yet they are willing to "Leave It to Mother,"
as "She Who Husbands Her Wealth Can Husband Her
Daughter."

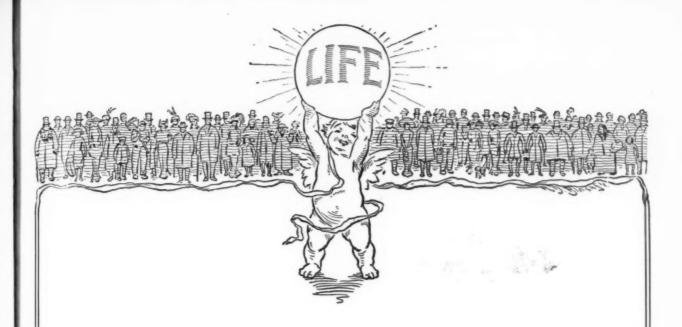
The young man is advised to "Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide," as he is "Cutting an American Beauty." He is "A Sir Prize," on account of his "Purse-onality," and "The Picture Hasn't a Title but the Young Man Has."

Musically, the Civil War period is well remembered in "Love Not," "The Girl I left Behind Me," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Darling, I Am Growing Old" and "The Last Rose of Summer," while our hero's personal sentiments are probably rather well expressed in

"I wish I was in Dixie— Away—Away!"



"REALLY, ISABEL, IT'S AWFUL THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING MONEY LATELY."



# IF SUMMER GOES--

Can Fall Be Far Behind?

BVIOUSLY Summer cannot if it did there would be no Fall, and if there were no Fall there would be no Fall issues of LIFE.

And of course nobody wants remain with us forever, for that to happen, knowing what a glorious program of old favorites and new attractions LIFE has to offer for the Fall season.

# Consider LIFE'S list of Fall cover designers:

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F. X. LEYENDECKER MAXFIELD PARRISH COLES PHILLIPS NORMAN ROCKWELL PENRHYN STANLAWS

Equally inviting is the list of other artists and writers whose contributions will be found in the Fall issues of LIFE. Here are a few of them:

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